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also a very promising young vocalist. Numbers 11 and 12 of the programme were omitted. During the intermission, while the young ladies and their friends were promenading in the corridors, a sudden explosion of lightning took place almost in their midst. It was alarming, but no damage was done inside, fortunately. Outside, it was said, a young lady standing on the stoop was stunned. A dozen or more vehicles were in waiting, the horses of which took fright, ran away, and smashed things generally.

The next evening the literary entertainment took place. I could not remain to be present, but I understand everything went off to the satisfaction of all present.

This grand institution promises to do a great deal of good, and will certainly be a grand success.

The Catalogue published is amply full of details. The following summary I take from it:

Whole number of students, ...	353
From the State of New York, ...	47
Other Middle States, ...	59
New England, ...	56
Western States, ...	55
Southern States, ...	6
District of Columbia, ...	4
Canada, ...	7
Hawaii, ...	1
Total, ...	353

Professor Jewett was the first President. Dr. John H. Raymond is now the President.

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The young ladies live in the college; it is their home. The charges are very moderate, intending only to cover expenses. For the past academic year it has been \$350, including board, fuel, light, and washing.

Fourteen hundred miles of steam-pipe, and about six hundred miles of water and gas-pipe, supply the college and out-buildings with cooking and laundry service, warmth, light, and water. Nowhere can a more complete and extensive institution be found.

CLARE W. BEAMES.

PARIS.

PARIS, June 27, 1866.

RISTORI, THE TRAGIC ACTRESS.

A new star is about to shine upon America in the shape of Ristori, the tragic actress. In the prime of her powers, in the fullness of mental and bodily vigor, she crosses the Atlantic to test the effect of her genius upon a people to whom she has thus far been unknown. In Europe her success has been triumphant. Wherever she has appeared, crowds have been led captive by the fervor of her passion, the silent eloquence of her gestures, and those accents which lend a new grace to the melodious tongue in which she speaks. Her reception in our country is doubtful. That she will be treated with the respect due to her talents is certain, but that she will be hailed with the enthusiasm which has ever followed her here, I am by no means sure. To appreciate her powers, and still more to enjoy the display of them on the stage, a great degree of mental culture and refinement is needed, especially as they will be more or less hidden in a language with which few of our countrymen are familiar. The mass of the people, intelligent as they are for the most part, will not hear her, and she will probably be received by audiences small and select.

RACHEL.

It is now more than ten years since Rachel, the great rival of Ristori, landed in New York, "ce moriel et deditieux New York," as it proved to her. Weak, fainting, in truth dying, she sought to snatch a new wreath from the edge of the grave. The boundless ambition on which, like the poisoned tunic of Hercules, incessantly devoured her, led her, even while in the embrace of death, to cross the Atlantic, that she might become, as she arrogantly expressed it, "la souveraine des deux mondes." Unsated with the applause of Paris, the ovations of St. Petersburg, the enthusiasm of Rome and Madrid, she could not live in peace, nor could she die, so long as there was one more world to conquer. She sought the fatal shore, we all know with what result: disease completed what lust of power had begun, and the empress of the stage, like the conqueror of old, found death in the midst of her conquests. She died at the age of thirty-seven, that year ever fatal to great geniuses, the victim of an all-grasping and unsatisfied ambition. (When was ambition ever satisfied?) Mortified at her ill success in America, uncertain of the future, surfeited even to loathing with the applause which a diseased appetite had yet made necessary to her existence, her last hours were rendered still more distressing by the hatred and envy, which she could not conceal, for the rival whose star already began to dim the brightness of her own.

THE PARENTAGE OF RISTORI.

Ristori was born at Friuli, near Venice, in the year 1822. Her parents were in humble circum-

stances, and her early years were spent in poverty and neglect. Both her father and mother belonged to one of those nomadic troupes that ravage the rural towns of Italy. It was their lot, like that of the survivors of Plodden Field, to bear "from town to town the dismal tale, and raise the universal wale" by declaiming the tragic horrors of human woe. Loudly and effectively before sympathizing audiences they nightly tore to tatters the passions of the various heroes of Goldini and Alpiéri, whose hard fate it has thus been not to find repose even in the grave. Ristori was early familiar with the stage, and in fact from the age of four years assisted her father to the extent of her humble abilities. She profited by her situation, and so well that when only fourteen she performed with success the part of Francesca da Rimini, in the tragedy of "Silvio Pellico." From that day she devoted herself to tragedy, and her progress was incessant till she in a few years became the great ornament of the Italian stage.

HER MARRIAGE AND RETIREMENT.

In 1846 her accomplishments made so deep an impression upon Julio del Grillo, son and heir of the Marquis de Capranica, that he fell deeply in love with her, and offered her marriage. Great was the rage of his father, and furious that of the mother, that he should thus throw himself away upon a strolling actress. It was the old story with the old result. Threats, abuse, banishment, poverty had no effect. A stolen marriage was followed by a reconciliation, and Ristori was welcomed by her new parents as the Marchesa del Grillo, which is her real name and title to-day. Her reception by the Capranica family took place in 1847, and from this time, of course, they would not for a moment permit her to return to the stage. She retired with her husband to her father's villa, and there remained in complete seclusion for nearly two years. Yet though her happiness was great, and her attachment for her relatives profound and sincere, she sadly missed her old way of life. Her early fondness for the stage returned to her with increased vigor. She longed for it with a feeling akin to homesickness. It was natural that in the quiet simplicity of her present existence she should call to mind the popular ovations which she had so often received, the triumphant vivas, the bouquets, the wild excitement. It was natural that she should muse over the days when she had forgotten herself and all the world for a moment in the despair and madness of Medea, and the majestic pride of the Queen of Scots, whom no worldly sorrows could abuse.

HER RE-APPEARANCE ON THE STAGE.

An opportunity soon offered itself and the claims of misfortune gave her the privilege of again appearing in public. On three successive nights she performed in behalf of a poor theatrical manager named Pisenti, who had been imprisoned for debt. She was received by the people with a welcome so deep and fervent that her greatest admirers were astonished, and confessed that they had not known the strength of her hold upon her countrymen. Never had the power of her genius so deeply affected her hearers or shown so clearly her own passionate love for the profession of her youth. The public admiration carried everything before it, and her parents could no longer refuse to yield to the general desire. She returned to the stage, and in 1848 appeared at Rome, in the part of Myrrha in Alfieri's tragedy. But hardly had she begun when the revolution of that year broke out, and in the real tragedies of life that soon abounded on every side, the poetical and eloquent woes of Alfieri's heroine were quickly forgotten. The cries of the wounded and dying who had fallen under the French cannonade, the hunger and wretchedness of the sick, and the distress around her in every form, could not fail to make a deep impression upon Ristori's sensitive and charitable heart. She at once left her profession, and joining the Sisters of charity went from house to house and hospital to hospital during all the rest of the siege, min-

istering to the wants of the people. Her only relief at this time consisted in repeating in her own room passages from her favorite authors. One day she had just finished a superb and passionate declamation from "Medea," when a shell from the French batteries lodged in the apartment. Calmly remarking, "Look at the bouquets they have already begun to throw me," she quitted the house, and once more commenced the beneficent labors of the day.

RACHEL'S HATRED OF RISTORI.

It was not until 1850 that she was enabled to renew those professional engagements which have continued with such increasing success ever since. Even in Paris the palm which her countrymen awarded her was not refused, and the reception which she met with from that jealous city was flattering in the extreme. Rachel hated her thoroughly, and did all in her power to show it, which of itself was no small tribute to her abilities. Apart from her wonderful tragic culture and complete understanding of stage effect, the former had all the vices of a mean and all the deficiencies of a mediocre intellect. But she was endowed with extreme tact and an ambition that overleaped every obstacle. Her very defects of character helped her on, and her pride and her jealousy, her sensuality, her superstition, and her avarice all unceasingly urged her towards the goal she had resolved to reach: The love of fame that led her "to scorn delights and live laborious days" was by no means "the last infirmity of noble minds," but the offspring of a hundred degrading passions. Her perseverance was extraordinary, and her knowledge of stage effect equalled that of Lord Chatham. The most artificial of artists, she availed herself of every means that she possessed from nature, or that her own matchless ingenuity could devise. Voice, expression, drapery, attitude, everything in short that could be used down to the minutest point were forced into her service. Her make-up was astonishing in its completeness and irresistible in its general effect. She would play two of her most dissimilar characters on the same evening, and it was almost impossible to believe them to be done by the same person. Of course this was largely caused by her remarkable power of facial expression, but it was no less due to the wonderful development of which a mind naturally of limited ability was capable. Her talents were increased by immense study and the teachings of a most accomplished master. His instructions and her adaptation of them to her own mind produced the results that astonished the world. Every part was classically correct and in the best taste, even to the careful arrangement of every fold of her drapery. In fact, she out-Pheдра and out-Athalie Athalie. Thus her characters, like the orations of the ancient orators, smelt of the lamp, and we had before us, not Phedra, nor Athalie, but a classic and elegant ideal of each. Her delineations of the outer life of many of the heroines of tragedy, both ancient and modern, fully equalled the conceptions of the ablest and most appreciative minds; but it was impossible to avoid the impression that they were merely the work of a mind wholly artificial and incapable of judging of the real beauties of either of them. For these reasons she made no study of any of Shakspeare's female characters. She was utterly unable to estimate their broad and deep individuality at its true value, and would have failed had she tried to impersonate them. They didn't have sufficient artifice in their natures for her purpose. She preferred, like the French in general, to stay apart and abuse the original minded as too rude and coarse for the present age. This might well be expected from the people who flock in crowds to see "*La Dame aux Camélias*" and "*La Biche au Bois*."

A COMPARISON OF THE TWO.

Compared with the extreme culture of Rachel the genius of Ristori may almost be termed barbarous and untaught, but still it is genius, and the world has stamped it as such. The parts she performs are not so numerous as those which her

great antagonist played, nor have they been to all appearance so thoroughly studied, nor has she enjoyed the benefit of the skillful instruction which Rachel received, yet it seems to me that the impression they leave upon the mind is fully as strong, though of different quality. It is that of a fervent and impassioned nature which sympathizes fully with the character it represents and pours forth its whole soul into it with the instincts of a genius untutored to a certain degree but true to life. She always rises to the level of her part and often forgets herself in it, which Rachel never did. Yet even when mounting to its height, and "perplexed in the extreme," her passion never manifests itself in ruin, never breaks forth into unseemly and boisterous raving. She ever sways level with the dictates of her own natural inspiration. If I may be allowed to draw an illustration from a material source, Ristori resembles a mountain cataract, Rachel an artificial cascade. The former is to the latter what Lodore is to Tivoli. Each flows on with impetuous and resistless force. Each gathers fresh beauties at every step and charms every soul with its elemental grandeur. We stand entranced in its contemplation and are lost to everything but the scene before us. The influence of each is for the moment the same. It is not until we leave the spot that we reflect that the former comes directly from the hand of nature, while the latter is the work of man, who has added to its attractions a thousand elegant and tasteful features. We then feel that in spite of the fascinations of the latter the effect of the former is more elevating and more lasting, and that it flows from a higher and more vitalizing source.

RISTORI'S NATURAL ADVANTAGES.

When speaking of Ristori as untaught, I did not mean to use the word except in a relative sense as compared with the accomplishments of her rival. She has ever been an ardent and thorough student, and has made the most of her natural advantages, but still she is far from being indebted to these entirely for her success, and certainly her use of external artifice is nothing to that of Rachel. Her mein is more dignified and her stature more commanding than those of the latter. And not only these, but her customary facial expression, her attitude and her features give her an imposing presence even when off the stage. She would strike any one as a woman of talent who could well afford to scorn the tricks of the theatre. Her gestures are superb. She seems to speak with her arms and hands as much as with her voice. I have often observed a single movement of these electrify a crowded house. A simple expression of her facile features will frequently produce the same result. It is one of those touches of nature that make the whole world kin, and show the deep sympathetic feeling between the actress and her audience. The elocution is admirable, and her flexible and harmonious voice is ever under complete control. Its powers are such as few tragedians have ever possessed. It is like that which the poet has ascribed to Cleopatra: "A lyre of widest range, struck by all passion, glancing from tone to tone and gliding through all change of liveliest utterance." From her lips "the lofty rhyme" gains new beauties, and it would greatly profit one to hear her were it only to obtain an idea of the wonderful melody of the Italian tongue.

THE HARDSHIPS OF HER EARLY LIFE.

The hardships of Ristori's early life did not have upon her nature the debasing effect which so deeply tainted Rachel and belittled her character. She is charitable and benevolent, and her familiarity with the counterfeit woes of the stage has by no means chilled her natural sensibility to human suffering. Her purse has ever been open to the claims of the destitute, and when that was insufficient she has always been prompt to offer the rich resources of her own genius. Her private life is estimable and strictly correct. She has ever been true to her husband, and faithful and affectionate to her children. She is endowed with many of those graces which are the charm of her sex, while in the retirement of their homes. She well

deserves, if ever woman did, the popular love and admiration that have thus far been conferred upon her without limit.

HER PORTRAYAL OF CHARACTERS.

Though portraying with great power the characters of Medea and Mirra, or Phedra and Lady Macbeth, it is, perhaps, in that of Mary Stuart, — *Ia pia misera e la piu be la fra le figlie d'Adams*, — that she has obtained the greatest success. It is probably in this that she will be most highly appreciated in the United States, and not merely from the natural sympathy that has always been felt for the woes of this hapless Queen, this Empress of sorrow, but from the perfection of her acting. It would be difficult to find in the whole range of tragedy a more complete, or a more affecting impersonation than hers. The play in which she appears is an Italian translation of Schiller's drama, and she is now peculiarly fitted, both by her age and peculiar expression of countenance, as well as by her talents, to do justice to the poet's creation. Her representation of the popular idea of the Queen of Scots, and also of the attributes of Schiller's heroine, is most happy. I have witnessed her performance of this part repeatedly, both in Italy and Paris, and always with increased admiration for her talents. It is a favorite play with her countrymen and in some of the scenes they often become almost frantic with excitement. In the famous interview of Mary with Elizabeth, where the humble suppliant, scorned, outraged and finally repulsed with insult, at length towers in her wrath and hurls back with pride and bitter sarcasm the taunts that had been thrown at her, when she exclaims, "*Figlia d'Anna Bolena, ereditata l'onesta tu non hai!*" and when, with uncontrollable fury, she crushes her rival with "*Il troud d'Inghilterra è profanato da una bastarda!*" I have seen the whole audience rise in a body and so deeply moved that the play for some moments could not proceed. Their overwrought feelings at length found an outlet in loud shouts, clapping of hands, waving of handkerchiefs and such tumults of applause as are very rarely witnessed in any theatre. The rendering of this part alone would suffice to show the power and reality of tragic genius. Our citizens are to be congratulated on the visit of Ristori to America, both by reason of the great enjoyment they will derive from her acting and from the fact that her character is estimable and pure, and that nothing can be seen at her performances which can offend the most correct taste, or the most fastidious morality. It is to be hoped that her journey will be successful and that she will be welcomed with the attention which she merits.

[Boston Post, Wednesday, July 11th.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE

The "Edinburg" for April has a good review of Grote's "Plato and his pupils." Victor Hugo was offered twenty thousand dollars for "The Toilers of the Sea," by the proprietors of "L'Evenement" and by those of "Le Soleil" such a share in the supposed profits of the paper should it publish the novel, as would amount to one hundred thousand dollars at least. Hugo declined both offers, but the publisher, after the book came out, sold it to both journals, "Le Soleil" purchasing its feuilleton, and "L'Evenement" purchasing the three volume library edition as a gift book to its subscribers. This last proceeding irritated the proprietor of "Le Soleil" who immediately made arrangements with the publisher of the illustrated edition of "Les Misérables" to furnish each of his three months' subscribers with a copy.

Between the squabbles of "Le Soleil" and "L'Evenement" Victor Hugo is in a fair way of making good \$25,000 he lost by the failure of a banking house in England.